



~~~RIVER, BIRD AND STAR~~~



AELLA GREENE

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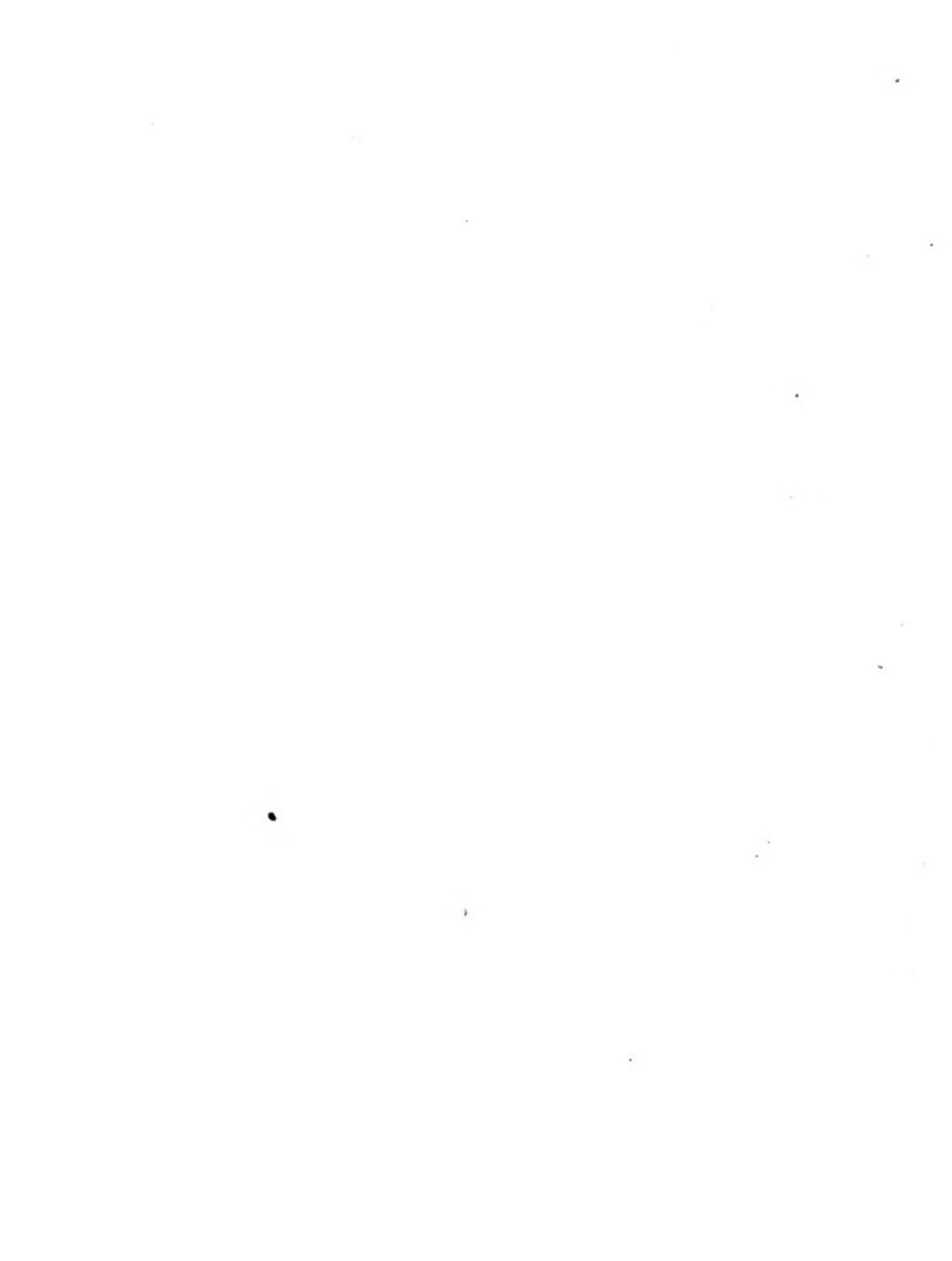
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# RIVER, BIRD AND STAR

BY

AELLA GREENE,

AUTHOR OF

"JOHN PETERS," "GATHERED FROM LIFE," ETC.,

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# CONTENTS

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I.

## **MESSAGES OF THE WATERS**

II.

## **IDYLS OF FREEDOM:**

- THE GREAT SACRIFICE
- AMERICA
- IN OTHER LANDS
- TRUTH MAKES FREE
- ARRAIGNMENT OF RUSSIA
- VISION AND PROPHECY
- A WARNING TO COLUMBIA
- ORDEAL AND OUTCOME
- A PILGRIMAGE OF CZARS
- BY KOSCIUSKO'S DUST
- WARNINGS FROM ELDER DAYS

III.

## **CONTRAST:**

- CLARE
- INTERLUDE
- LILLIAN

IV.

## **OTHER POEMS:**

- THE EQUAL LOT
- AMONG THE TREES
- THE LESSON OF THE LILIES
- DAYBREAK
- A HEAVEN
- "WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY."



# MESSAGES OF THE WATERS.

I.



## MESSAGES OF THE WATERS.

### I.

THY valleys how lovely, thy mountains  
    how strong,  
O Northland, how charming thy rivers of  
    song.  
No finer the music of rivers with tide  
Through storied lands singing to Severn or  
    Clyde,  
No brighter to Scotchmen the burns which  
    they know  
That sweet to Loch Katrine through heather  
    bloom flow ;  
No gladder to Lomond whirl joyous away  
The streamlets through dingles with hazel  
    bloom gay,  
Nor sweeter to Switzers sing brooks to  
    Lucerne  
Than chant in New England the lake and the  
    burn.  
No sweeter the far wave than waters that sing  
Where Greylock of hilltops is grandly the  
    king,

Than whirl from Wahconah the waters away  
That bright over gravel of gold and of gray,  
Through Dalton dales dimple, and sparkle,  
    and play,  
Than brooks from Katahdin, than others that  
    flow  
Where airs from Monadnock inspire them to  
    go—  
Than sing the bright thousands of brooklets  
    along  
Entrancing the whole of New England with  
    song.  
Or, if streamlet is sought of sorrow to tell,  
What brook is more plaintive in old country  
    dell  
Than waters from Monument Mountain that  
    purl,  
Lamenting the fate of the Indian girl  
Who loved where she might not, and thought  
    she must die,  
And plunged in despair from a precipice  
    high.

But sorrow is not the note of your voice,  
O waters of Northland, that ever rejoice,

And even when warning that danger is near  
Intone the monitions to cadence of cheer.  
Ye brooks of New England that carol like this,  
O warble forever to Northland your bliss !  
And ye who admire them, O leave them to run  
And wimple, and sparkle, and sing in the sun,  
Unchained to carved channels that dullards  
have made  
In worship of Use and the tyrant of Trade !  
O leave them that faring unfettered along,  
They babble their beautiful blessing of song!

But more than the music or glance of the wave  
O'er which the lovers of beauty may rave,  
While they of each land of home rivers boast  
O'er waters enchanting the foreigner's coast,  
'Tis the truth that they sing that giveth the  
worth  
To musical waters that gladden the earth  
Go, zephyrs of heaven and fleet ye afar  
By light of morn lustre and gleam of the star,  
And tell in the city, and desert, and dell,  
To all who in cot or in palaces dwell,  
Or tent on the plains, or anywhere live,  
What calm and what rapture the river songs  
give —

The strength for brave doing, the power to endure,  
The vision to ken and the faith to secure  
The blessings that nature delights to confer  
On those who in loyalty seek them of her.

If ever ambition allure thee to greed,  
Then listen to song of the waters, and heed :  
“Thou eager for power, seek gentleness first ;  
Who covets but power, and winneth, is cursed.  
Whatever thy portion, content with thy store,  
O covet not theirs who shall chance to have more.

Nor let thou that sin of the small soul be thine,  
The rancor of envy, that spirit malign,  
The chief of the meanest of cowardly foes,  
Who cost man his Eden and gave him his woes !”

Whenever thou findest the trusted untrue,  
Forgiving the wrong that the treacherous do,  
And looking away to the blue of the love  
Proclaiming Benignity regnant above,  
Give heed to the waters that bid thee rejoice

And join in the song of the rivulet's voice.  
If friends have deserted and 'leaguering foes,  
United against thee, are fierce to oppose,  
Then listen and rivulet singing shall say  
The word to inspire thee to hold them at bay  
Till angel shall come with a pebble and sling  
And bid thee to rout them by felling their king.  
Whatever its message, believe in the tide—  
Though human voice vary, a brook never lied !  
Or purling as soft as the peace of the sky,  
Or singing as grand as the harpers on high,  
It giveth forever the essence of truth  
That solaces age and sanctifies youth,  
And warbled in valley or prattled in glen  
Is simple as childhood yet equal to men —  
Truth sweet as the roses that blossom in  
heaven,  
Truth hither for mortals to rivulet given !  
And sung in the sun time and star time, to  
give  
High hint and good helping sublimely to live!

What rashness of pride that ventures to spurn,  
What wisdom of reverence that listens to  
learn,

The truth to be heard in the song of the burn,  
Sweet pleading with Power to be true and be  
mild

As brook is, or bird is, or Christ, or a child,  
It telleth the way to the destinies grand  
As fancy can paint or wish to command.  
And mortal, whatever the cadences be  
Of rivulet, lake wave, or surge of the sea,  
'Tis the spirit of God speaks through them  
to cheer,  
Or warn if to danger thy journey draws near.

Whatever thy talent, what work doth engage,  
And living wherever, in whatever age,  
And however many thy years on the earth,  
The rivulet's voice will still have its worth.  
And when shall appear the swift coming day  
When thou from this province must journey  
away  
To country, wherever that country may be,  
Reached over what mountain and over what  
sea,  
Where thou shalt find much that is strange  
unto thee,

How sweet, when departing, to look on the  
wave

That joy to the days of thine earthly life gave !  
And O ! what a rapture 'twill add to thy  
heaven

If there, in that country, like music be given,  
If there, to enchant thee, shall carol and gleam  
The waters with sparkle and song like the  
stream

Enhancing the days of thy sojourning here  
With song that is wisdom and song that is  
cheer !

## II

WHERE Mountain Monadnock, majestic  
in might

And infinite leisure, rose grand in his height,  
And angels came heralds from heaven to bring  
The best of May mornings to gladden the  
spring,

And waters from beechen grove sparkled  
whose wave.

That charm to the hours of the bright morn-  
ing gave

Which wakens the birds to their cheeriest tune  
And Mayfields to green to the brightness of  
June—

There, forth from the home of her humble life  
sweet,

A maiden went singing the morning to greet,  
And, tranced by the resonant waters that sang  
Till echoing distances joyfully rang,  
She waited in wonder and awe at the song  
Of the glittering waters that sparkled along,  
While Mountain Monadnock rejoicing in  
might

From foot hills to summit beamed forth his  
delight !

And rapt o'er the scene of that morning of May  
The maiden entranced heard the waters to say:  
“ Thy motto be duty, thy jewel be truth ;  
And wisdom prize ever as prizing in youth ;  
And love, which to many but sorrow doth  
bring,

Shall be thy good angel to cheer thee to sing  
Beyond the high music of joyfulest stream  
That ever charmed poet to tunefulest theme.

“ Go ask of thy mother what message I said  
When hither her thoughtfulest sauntering led,  
And breathing the hope of a treasure to be,  
She went and months later came speaking of  
thee,  
With joy and the graces of motherhood came  
Discoursing of thee and telling thy name.  
Bright seasons have blossomed and blossomed  
again,  
And cometh the maiden where mother came  
then  
That message, by matron well heeded, I read  
In traits of the maiden, who surely will heed  
The counsel when matron shall tenderly tell  
The message and ask her to honor it well.”

The summers that came and the summers  
that went  
To girlhood the graces of womanhood lent;  
And lovingly loitering there by the stream,  
Entranced o'er the ripple, and dimple, and  
gleam,  
Two whispered the message the matron had  
told,

The words that she heard of the river of old.

And, each ripple a song and each dimple a gem,

The waters repeated the message to them —  
That kindness of each to the other would give  
To offspring best traits of each other and live  
In habitudes high of childhood, to tell  
Their wooing was wisdom, their mating was well.

Prenatal inclining to excellence, given !  
Bestowing, ere breath, the impulse for heaven!

And later with infancy smiling they came ;  
And followed another who listened to name  
The father and mother breathed forth in their joy

And raised, as they bade him, to brow of the boy

Bright drops of the rivulet's musical wave,  
To honor the message the rivulet gave.

Then looking in faith to the blue of the sky,  
Each reverently prayed to the Gracious on high ;

And the birds and the zephyrs united in song  
With wave of the waters that caroled along—  
A song that was prayer for and thanks for the  
joy

Prefigured in crystal drops there for the boy.  
And Mountain Monadnock, beholding the  
rite,  
In sweetness and majesty glowed with delight.

## III

WHERE singing to mountains its reson-  
ant song  
A brook from a beechen grove caroled  
along,  
In chime with the robins, reflecting their  
bowers,  
Inspiring the sunbeams to sweeten the flowers,  
And rippling in time of the march of the  
hours  
Of a morning the best that the skies could  
attune  
And send from Elysium to gladden a June—

There fresh from the meads where the butter-cups grew,  
There free as the birds from the bloom fields that flew,  
There joyously singing child songs that he knew,  
There charming as nature, and artless, and true,  
There bright on the morn of that June day of joy,  
There blithe with the breath of his blisses, a boy,  
Impelled by the pulses prophetic of man,  
In step with the waves of the rivulet ran.  
Then, halting in rapture delighted to scan  
The waves of the beautiful streamlet that sang  
Until with the carol the distances rang,  
He tarried, entranced and held in high mood,  
To muse on the song of the musical flood !

And this was the song that the rivulet sung  
With its liquid lip and its silver tongue :

"In the freedom of childhood, O childhood  
rejoice ;  
Here's health to thy being and charm to thy  
voice !  
The simple things love thou, as loving them  
now ;  
The angels love these, and ever love thou.  
Wouldst be like the eagle ? the rather the  
dove be ;  
The lilies, the robins, the blue sky above thee,  
Love these and be like them and angels will  
love thee,  
While birds and the zephyrs shall make it  
their choice  
To copy in carols the charm of thy voice.

"If wisdom be thine and if virtue attend  
thee  
The blessings of heaven the Gracious shall  
send thee,  
Commanding the best of His host to defend  
thee,  
Bright songsters entrancing their high songs  
to sing thee,

Swift argosies gems from the far isles to  
bring thee.  
And airs the rare odors of east clime to wing  
thee.  
O pure as the breath of the flowers of the  
wildwood,  
Forever be true to the dreams of thy child-  
hood,  
And angels and good men shall ever rejoice  
In the health of thy being and charm of thy  
voice."

And this was the song that the rivulet sung  
With its liquid tip and its silver tongue.  
And, joyed o'er the song of the silvery wave,  
The mountains responsive the cadences gave  
To zephyrs, that glad with their tunefulest  
gold  
The beautiful song through the distances  
told  
To angels commissioned to sing to the earth  
The joy of the song of the land of their birth  
And missioned to listen, attentive in heaven,  
For singing to mortals by rivulet given.

And catching the cadence, they hasten where  
gleam  
The resonant waves of the musical stream  
And tarry to study, delighted to learn,  
The silvery song of the murmuring burn.  
And conning the carol, they heighten the  
worth  
Of the heavenly song for the listening  
earth,  
And pour the blent music in nature's good  
way,  
As real as the rill song or lark roundelay  
That wakens the earth to the joy of the  
day—  
High music that heartens the earth born to  
stay  
And toil through their life until fitted to  
rise  
And join in the joy of the song of the skies !

There greeting the glad one whose June day  
of joy  
Was bright with the hope and the bliss of a  
boy,

There sweet in the dawn of some June day of  
heaven

Shall angels enchant him with canticle  
given

Where singing to mountains its resonant song  
A brook from a beechen grove caroled along !

For christlike was he, the boy by the wave  
That joy to the hours of the June morning  
gave.

Again there he listened, and this was the  
song

The waters warbled as they sparkled along :  
“Who love thee will tell thee of words that I  
said

When hither good angels their sauntering led,  
And tell thee, bright one of the fortunate  
birth,

What greatly shall heighten thy joy and thy  
worth

And make thy good fortune a blessing to  
earth —

A story they learned from pages they read  
Till deep of its meaning their spirits had fed,

The story of Christ that enraptures the  
days  
Since earthward came He of the wonderful  
ways !  
The story of Him who banisheth tears  
And brightens the glory of all of the years ! ”

“ That story, ye waters, my father has told  
And bade me to prize it more precious than  
gold,  
The story of One whose love so endears,  
Who saves us from sin and drives away  
fears.  
The sheep and the shepherds at night on the  
plains,  
The bright angels singing their heavenly  
stains,  
The child in the manger, the men from  
afar,  
And that beautiful, beautiful, wonderful  
star !  
That story, most lovely of beautiful things—  
There’s sing in it, waters, how charming it  
sings ! ”

"The truth of that idyl keep fresh in thy heart,  
Bright spring of best hopes and the source of true art.  
O pure as the breath of the flowers of the wildwood,  
Forever be true to the dreams of thy childhood !  
For fancies of childhood, though fancies they be,  
Have truth from that country away over sea.  
Bright dreams of pure childhood, ideals from heaven !  
There speak and there glisten in every one given  
The faces and voices from country afar —  
Taught there by what zephyr, what bird and what star !  
O pure as the breath of the flowers of the wildwood,  
Keep sacred the idyl thou learn'dst in thy childhood  
High born as thou art, thy heritage prize ;  
The steward of blessings bestowed from the skies,

Not vain of thy goodness, bless those who  
have less,  
And be thine ambition to live but to bless.  
Lift up the downfallen and lead to that One  
Who knoweth how illy some lives are begun,  
Who pities their erring and knoweth each  
frame  
And points from their woes to the power of  
His name."

And thus to the boy the rivulet sung,  
Its beautiful wisdom for the heart of the  
young ;  
And this the response that in bounding joy,  
Burst forth spontaneous from the heart of  
the boy.  
And the bright ones that hovered from the  
choirs on high,  
Flew joyous to heaven to address the  
sky  
On the beautiful scene of the boy by the  
wave,  
Awake to the wisdom that the glad waters  
gave.

## IV

THE sweetest songsters carol  
Among the Berkshire hills,  
In harmony with music  
Arising from the rills  
That flow with silvery murmur,  
In melody along,  
And charm as if in heaven  
They learned the art of song,  
And were by Him empowered  
Who formed the starry spheres  
And guides their rhythmic motion  
Through all the circling years.

Bright brooks ! they came from heaven,  
To teach the tuneful art,  
And woo men from their sorrows  
And from their cares apart ;  
To teach them high behavior,  
And gentle ways and true,  
Inspiring them with courage  
To fight life's battles through ;  
The while, through all the harshness  
That gives to earth its ban,  
They live attuned for living  
Where harmony began.

There other brooks, in chorus  
With other birds, shall sing,  
To tell the power and goodness  
Of the Eternal King ;  
And welcome home the singers  
From the dissonance of time  
To the melodies of heaven  
And the zephyrs of the clime  
With song far, far exceeding  
The music of the rills  
That carol with the songsters  
Among these restful hills.

## V

THY valleys how lovely, thy mountains  
how strong !  
O Northland ! how charming thy rivers of  
song !  
Bright waters, that winding from Windsor  
away,  
Swift purling o'er gravel of gold and of gray,  
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wimple,  
and play,  
As waters in elfinland singing to fay,  
The fairies entrancing as rivulets may,

And rivulets will, so fairy folks say,  
With witcheries weird of gambolings gay,  
And cadences fine, and melodies sweet,  
And fit where elite of fairy folk meet,  
With honors the princes of elfland to greet—  
Ye waves from Wahconah through thickets  
    that flow,  
And charm to their sweetness the wild flowers  
    that grow,  
What numbers, bright waters, your music  
    can tell,  
Thus witching through wildness and dulcet  
    in dell !  
Sweet waters, bright waters, that charmingly  
    sing  
Of Dalton, the jewel of Berkshire the king !

Ye waters, that winding from Windsor away,  
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wimple  
    and say,  
As, bright over gravel of gold and of gray,  
Ye chant in high music while charmingly gay,  
“Thou listening entranced o'er the musical  
    wave,

To honor the music, O mortal, be brave.  
Arouse thee from trancement to battle in life;  
And, valiant and true in every strife,  
Be more than the mood that comes of mere  
charm ;  
The trancement of sweetness is cause for  
alarm— ”  
Ye waters, thus bravely and timely that ring  
Of vigor and valor, what numbers shall sing  
The wealth of the wisdom of waters whose  
wave  
Entrances to cheer the charmed to be brave !  
Bright waters ! inspiring the valiant until,  
Grown godlike from heeding the song of a rill,  
They honor in action the truth of the song  
That sparkles and warbles their life ways  
along,  
What seer hath the vision, ye waves, to divine  
The wealth of your wisdom, ye waters benign !

Ye brooks from Katahdin and streamlets that  
flow  
Where airs from Monadnock inspire them to  
go ;

Bright waters! that winding from Windsor  
away,  
Through Dalton dales dimple, and wimple,  
and play ;  
Brooks bright in that region where heroes  
were born  
Whom Tyranny hated, but never could  
scorn—  
Old Litchfield still lustrous with memories of  
worth  
That shine through the Northland with joy  
for the earth ;  
Ye waters that sing in Otsego and shine  
Reflecting the love of the Spirit benign ;  
Ye brooks to Itasca that sing through the  
plains,  
Entrancing the vastness with charm of your  
strains ;  
Ye waters the depths of wild canyons that  
dare,  
And calmly, fearlessly, joyously there,  
The truth to the mightiest mountains de-  
clare—  
Wherever all over the Northland ye sing,  
From heaven, bright waters, your music ye  
bring !

Ye waters of Northland, that carol like this,  
O warble forever to Northland your bliss !  
And waft ye, fleet zephyrs, to every strand  
This music of gladness, this joy of our land !  
And, say, O ye zephyrs who chant with the tide  
Of Erie, Lucerne, and Severn and Clyde,  
And brooks that sing to them and waters that pour  
Enchantment to every mountain and shore,  
And thus have sung on through all of the years,  
Enhancement of gladness and comfort of tears—  
Say, zephyrs, wherever your courses ye wing  
If brighter than waters in Northland that sing,  
If brighter ye find a wave in the world,  
If lovelier the waters in Eden that purled !



# IDYLS OF FREEDOM

II.



## THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

O STARS, what history  
It has been yours to see  
Enacted here, since man,  
Crown of creation's plan,  
His wanderings began—  
Since to his pristine joy  
He added an alloy  
That forth a rover sent  
Him, fired with discontent.  
Say since, with Eden lost,  
The fateful bounds he crossed,  
How dear his straying cost !  
Still, while in wretched plight,  
He was not hopeless quite,  
Nor rayless was his night.

Stars that have kindly shone  
On paths his feet have gone—  
Than downward, let us hope,  
Onward more, and up—

Aid still his wish and quest  
For truth, and peace and rest.  
Still from the blue above  
Shine where he wars to prove  
His patriotic love,  
And, dying, asks you tell  
The ages that he fell  
To foil the tyrant's hand  
And bless his native land.  
And tell, as tell ye must,  
O stars, for stars are just,  
From what great sacrifice  
All others do arise.  
Tell what, foreseen, inspired,  
And what accomplished, fired,  
The patriot heart to live  
For liberty and give  
His life to make men free.  
And aid, O stars, to see  
That highest liberty  
Gives equal weight of care,  
Gives unto each his share  
Of burdens all must bear ;  
That liberty, if boon,  
Used wrongly, cometh soon  
To license, that is not

True liberty, but blot  
On the historic page,  
A hindrance to the age.

This life, this sacrifice,  
O stars, from which arise  
The heavenly blessings given  
And hope of more in heaven—  
This life of hope for man,  
Ye saw as it began.  
Ye saw its teeming day,  
O stars, and sunset ray,  
And deathly chill of night,  
And hint at last of light.  
Ye saw the glorious morn  
Of grace and peace adorn  
The mountain heights of time  
And shine to every clime,  
To make all life sublime !  
A star 'twas guided them  
Who fared to Bethlehem ;  
And at cerulean poise  
It sentineled their joys,  
As o'er the Savior born,

Rejoicing till the morn,  
They mused on what should be  
His wondrous history.  
Stars gave the warning dream  
Of Herod's hellish scheme  
And guided, then, the flight  
To Egypt through the night.  
And o'er the child returned  
The stars in gladness burned.

The stars rejoiced the boy  
And study gave and joy,  
As through the years he grew  
To all the ages knew—  
Till wondering sages gazed  
Adoring and amazed.  
Stars cheered the Christ who prayed  
In lonely mountain glade,  
And sang their joy to see  
The helpful ministry  
Of Him of Galilee.  
And when his followers slept  
Ye stars in pity wept;  
And, weeping, wondered ye

At the sublimity  
Of sad Gethsemane !  
And when at Calvary  
The sun refused to shine,  
Your stellar beams were sign  
That Christ, the slain, should rise,  
Completed sacrifice,  
Triumphant to the skies !

Ye stars that wondering saw  
His answer to the law  
Who for the sinful died  
And poured the precious tide  
Of his great life, to give  
The sinful chance to live,—  
Ye stars who heard the word  
Sublimest ever heard,  
That Jesus at His death  
Spoke with His dying breath,  
To say the work was done,  
The victory was won—  
From that sublimity,  
That matchless agony,  
All greatness doth proceed.

Thence every noble deed,  
Thence all unselfishness,  
Thence every pulse to bless  
That helps the patriot die,  
Without the question why,  
For home and liberty.

---

## AMERICA.

ON days and deeds sublime  
That gem this western clime,  
O stars of Freedom, shine,  
And shed your beams benign  
Where Concord bridge was won,  
And rustic Lexington—  
And Bunker Hill declared,  
And Bennington, how fared  
The foes of liberty  
Who warred against the free.

Shine where the great and good  
With high solicitude,

In meekness knelt to pray  
To Heaven to drive away  
The foreign foes and give  
The country chance to live.  
How humble and how great,  
How fit to found a state,  
Was he who knelt that day,  
At Valley Forge, to pray !  
And may his land remain  
The place of all good gain  
And Freedom's own domain,  
The home and resting place  
Of bravery and of grace,  
Of greatness and all worth—  
The paradise of earth !  
Though truth the charm will break,  
Still best the truth to speak.  
Here, where 'twas general boast  
That this was Freedom's coast,  
Were human beings chained,  
While Selfishness explained  
That slavery was right.  
And those who saw the plight  
That Liberty was in,  
By league with such a sin,  
And dared rebuke the wrong,  
That still was growing strong

While grew the nation weak  
To danger that 'twould break,  
Were stigmatized as fools  
Beyond discretion's rules.  
But, in these later days,  
The scoffers dare the praise  
That radicals were wise  
And fit to canonize  
For the sublimest skies !

How cursed this sin the land  
We came to understand  
When Donelson was need  
And Fredericksburg, and greed  
Of rough-hewn havoc made  
On Sherman's master raid  
Of horse and infantry  
From inland to the sea !  
And need to prove our liege  
To liberty was siege  
Of Vicksburg and the shock  
Of "Chickamauga's Rock,"  
Grim Thomas of the build  
To name for Cæsar's guild.

So Grierson's reckless dash,  
Discreet in that 'twas rash ;  
And Farragut in the shrouds  
And Hooker in the clouds,  
And Ellsworth first to die,  
And gallant Lyon—why  
So early sent to heaven !  
And why McPherson given,  
And thousands, thousands more !  
How runneth up the score,  
Through scenes of din and gore,  
To Gettysburg, sublime  
Through all the years of time !

What tongue can tell, what pen,  
The fate of prisoned men  
Who, doomed to the ill  
Of Andersonville,  
Learned the tortues that spell  
A new name for hell !  
And who can count their tears  
And warring hopes and fears,  
Who mourned their loved ones there,  
Or slain in conflict, where,

Though glorious thus to fall  
For country and for all  
That's dear, and true, and high,  
'Twas fearful, still, to die !  
And hard was it to know  
That with the slaughter, slow  
Moved the cause of right  
And darkened down the night  
Of doubt, with scarce a ray  
To hint of coming day.  
But rose a lustrous star  
When he led on the war  
Whose calm, courageous way  
Of hero in affray,  
Assured, at once, a morn,  
And was the sign to warn  
The foemen of defeat  
Their cause was sure to meet.

Now once and three times three,  
At Appomattox tree,  
Give every one to all  
Who heeded Freedom's call  
And marched with Grant, to hew

The hard-fought journey through  
The Wilderness, to see  
The dawn of victory.

But who shall sing to tell  
Their deeds who fought and fell  
In all the hard campaigns,  
Who equal epic strains  
For those whose crimson stains  
Full thrice a hundred plains,  
And reddens bloody years,  
Which make them high compeers  
Of all the brave that Time  
Hath brought to wreath and rhyme !

Let gratitude be given  
In joyful song to Heaven ;  
Aye, shout and sing again,  
Good citizens, that when  
The nation was in dole  
A man of prophet soul  
Was sent to meet our need.

A man inspired to read  
The meaning of the times  
The country for its crimes  
Was going through,—this man,  
With genius fit to plan  
And brave enough to act,  
Made thus his vision fact,  
Wielding the nation's might  
For mercy and the right,  
And breaking at a stroke,  
The bondman's galling yoke.

Good stars, your radiance shed  
On paths where Lincoln led  
Through all those years of strife  
Up to the higher life  
Of Freedom and of peace  
And all the good increase  
That makes these states combined  
The envy of mankind !

## IN OTHER LANDS.

GOOD stars, what prophet ken  
Had Aztec Juarez, when  
For liberty he fought  
Against the foe who sought  
To bind with Spanish chain  
The Mexican in train  
Of papal Rome, to slave  
Subservient where the brave  
Descendants of the sun  
Their long career had run,  
Free as the airs that fanned  
Their lovely native land.  
Well ye rejoiced, to see  
Where foreign tyranny  
Had reigned, superior rise,  
To crown the high emprise  
Of Juarez with success  
And so mankind to bless,  
The fair republic bright  
With promise for the right  
Of patriots everywhere.  
For each hath right to share  
Each country of the free,  
Wherever dwelleth he.

Still Juarez only did  
As high examples bid—  
Through thirty years of blood,  
When that brave Swiss withstood  
The papal powers combined,  
Who sought on all mankind  
To place the Latin yoke—  
Gustavus brave, who broke  
The bondage long and sore  
For northmen evermore.  
He drove the power of Rome  
From church, and court, and home,  
Wherein the people sing,  
To crown Gustavus king !  
And cadence of the song  
The southland doth prolong,  
Where well Emanuel strove  
And Garibaldi's love  
Was given for Italy,  
Mankind and liberty.

And Magyars, whose Kossuth  
For country and for truth  
Was sacrifice, may raise  
To favoring Heaven their praise

For his grand life, and twine  
The wreath and pray the Nine  
To sing to full import  
That high in Austrian court  
The Magyars reign, whom erst  
The tyrant Austrians cursed !

How bright the stars that look  
On Scotland's famous brook  
And bid the ages learn  
That Bruce of Bannockburn  
Was Caledonia's pride !  
Shine where her sons defied,  
At Flodden field, the foe  
That laid her banner low,  
Yet in defeat were strong  
To height of grandest song.  
Beam kind on every glen  
Known to his foot and ken,  
That kingliest of men,  
The Wallace of the Eld,  
Whom, then, ye stars beheld  
And sang him worthy praise  
Of all the future days.

Shine, stars, with beams benign  
On scene of deeds divine,  
Where Winkelried the brave,  
His Switzerland to save,  
Threw on the Austrian steel  
His mighty rage of zeal  
And struck in death the blow  
To break the serried foe.  
His followers raining blows  
Where grand his courage rose,  
Thus turned the tide and day  
Against the cruel fray  
Of those who sought t' enslave  
The Switzer patriots brave,  
Whom God's own mountains gave  
That love of liberty  
That fits men to be free.

And evermore shall ye,  
Bright stars of liberty,  
Rejoice to shine upon  
The field where Cromwell won,  
At Marston Moor, the day  
And stemmed the tyrant's sway,

Till full at Naseby, then,  
Where royal Charles again  
Marshaled his hosts, the band  
Of patriots dared withstand  
The legions of the king  
And all the years shall sing,  
To let the future know,  
They routed him to show  
That foreign he, and foe,  
Though native born—for he  
Loved not true liberty.

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## TRUTH MAKES FREE.

A S truth alone makes free,  
Who country loves must see  
The truth, and love the truth  
As ardently as youth  
The maiden from whose heart  
Not even death can part.  
Truth founded love gives rate,  
The citizen's estate,  
A country and a place,

Fraternity and race.  
Alien to truth, a man  
Nor country hath, nor clan,  
Though castled well and crowned  
With choicest treasures found  
In late or ooden times,  
Through west or Orient climes.  
Aye, foreign he, and poor,  
And sick, though mount and moor  
Afford their gold for wealth  
And myrrhs to bless his health.  
Not loving truth, then he  
Shall poor and homeless be,  
Though heraldry declare  
That ancient lineage rare  
Makes him the rightful heir  
To every land and throne,  
And though the people own  
The purple of his power,  
Rejoicing in his dower  
And seeking bards to sing  
Him bishop, lord and king !  
But harps must not descend,  
For song hath upward trend ;  
So, who but hymns for pay  
Sings but a meagre lay.

And rhyme they ne'er so well,  
The bards who seek to tell  
An untruth in a song  
And sing success of wrong,—  
Some Crœsus toast for wealth  
That came alone by stealth,  
And hymn the tyrant's power  
As given by heavenly dower—  
Will fail to reach the lays  
That live in honor's praise.  
Then, faltering down to praise  
Whose labored lines confess  
They sing from selfishness,  
They'll rave to furious stress  
Of prayer to Power to bless,  
When Truth alone gives theme  
Befitting poet's dream.  
This truth, ye stars above,  
No truth, there is no love.  
No truth, the gold shall rust,  
To teach the truth it must—  
No truth, then love is lust,  
And love of country, show  
Which all true patriots know  
As subterfuge and sham  
That would to meanness damn,

Beyond redeeming grace,  
A country and a race !

Yet strange contrasts arise,  
Some royal mysteries—  
A king to virtue known,  
Yet who could make his throne,  
By tricks that must belong  
The hellish arts among,  
The anchor of a wrong  
That should have scourge of song,  
The very rage of rhyme,  
To blast to future time !  
The Charles whom Cromwell fought,  
True to his home, was naught  
But false to native land.  
Though promising, his hand  
Withheld the needed good  
He pledged to those who stood  
For liberty and right.  
For these did Cromwell fight ;  
For these he overthrew  
The Stuart king and slew  
The false one of the throne.

And by the act was shown  
In England evermore—  
A truth the wide world o'er,  
And as the sunlight plain—  
The right of kings to reign,  
Original in heaven,  
Is to the governed given,  
By them to be transferred,  
In their installing word,  
To those their love shall say  
The kingly traits display.  
Would Cromwell had remained,  
Preventing crime that stained  
Bright Albion's sovran name,  
By other Charles who came,  
The Charles who ever wrought  
Injustice and who thought  
Of self alone, and sought  
Delight in splendid sin  
And seemed possessed to win,  
By elegance of shame,  
An ever florid fame  
Unto his royal name !

## ARRAIGNMENT OF RUSSIA.

If ill the theme befits  
To sing of Austerlitz,  
If vain to weep awhile  
By lone Helena's isle,  
If cold, to some, such theme  
For patriotic dream,  
In that the Corsican  
Fought not for fellow-man,  
But strove alone for fame  
For his imperial name—  
O would some one as rod  
Of an avenging God,  
Arise, who, sent by wrath  
Of Heaven, should cleave a path  
Through Tyranny's domains  
To far Siberia's plains,  
And break the prison bars  
Of victims of the czars !

The cause demands a man  
Serener, grander than

The dreaded Corsican ?  
May one with like strong hand  
And genius to command,  
Arise—some leader born  
Under the star of morn,  
Some one whose shining worth  
Shall win the best of earth  
To highest hope and prayer  
For Heaven's especial care,  
And win good gallant men  
To join his flag, whose ken  
At once, from far, can see  
The day of victory—  
The men with might to win  
The boon their faith hath seen.

O, chieftain of the skies !  
And Freedom's cause, arise  
And panoplied for wars,  
Go guided by the stars  
That favoring shone  
Above Napoleon,  
In that sublime advance  
From his admiring France

That made the Russias quake  
And all the kingdoms shake !  
Stars, they, to aid to see  
The way to victory :  
Stars that would lustrous burn,  
To light the grand return  
Of victors from the fray  
Where justice won the day.

Not so the march when Ney  
Fared on the frozen way,  
To cheer his leader back  
Along the winter track,  
With remnant of his host,  
To mourn the prize they lost,  
A city burned to ban  
The mighty Corsican.  
Him Russia dared not fight,  
But put to sorry plight  
By burning roof and bread  
That should have housed and fed  
The host, who froze or starved  
By thousands ere they carved,  
With Bonaparte and Ney

To France their pilgrim way.  
But those engaged  
In warring waged  
To break the dungeon bars  
Of prisoned worth, ye stars  
Would good birds send to feed,  
Unto their fullest need,  
With manna of the Heaven  
That bread hath ever given  
To those who well have striven,  
Through hard or favored fight,  
In furtherance of right.

If Moscow burned again  
'Twould light the prisoned men  
From durance hard to flee  
To hope and liberty,  
The men whose dungeon bars  
Are legacy of czars,  
Kings whose oppression is  
Acme of tyrannies !  
Commanding those away  
In bondage sore to stay,  
Whose glances have told,

Or a breath over bold,  
That the fancies they hold  
Slight hindrances are  
To the wish of a czar !  
Dooming banishment  
For the mildest intent  
Of the patriot heart !  
O tyrant ! what art  
Of what spirit malign  
Of the demons is thine !  
How strange that czars should ban  
Those whom but easy plan  
Of right would lead to own  
Allegiance to the throne  
And give their life to prove  
Their loyalty of love  
And interest in the fame  
Of Alexander's name !  
But heeding not the cries  
That move the pitying skies  
And make the nations weep,  
These Tartar tyrants keep  
Their hand of tyranny  
Against all liberty.

O, when Sarmatia's brave,  
With Kosciusko gave,

Most valorous blows to save  
Their country from the grave  
That fierce tyrannic might  
Had dug for Truth and Right,  
Say, Heaven of justice, say,  
Why did Thy vengeance stay  
From smiting down her foes?  
O, when to Thee arose  
Their patriotic cry,  
Why, Heaven of pity, why  
Should fail thy mighty arm  
To shield their land from harm?

And fell Sarmatia, then,  
And her heroic men,  
Whose patriotic worth  
Had brightened all the earth,  
Were graced with exiles' chains  
And scourged across the plains  
Afar to foreign strand.  
There they were given brand  
Befitting felon band ;  
Aye, there were given rate  
Meaner than murderer's fate,

Whose hands the blood had spilt  
Of parricidal guilt !  
Yet, there, the scorn of slaves,  
Do these Sarmatian braves  
Display, despite the gloom  
Of their Siberian doom,  
The rare sweet quality  
Of fitness to be free !  
Stay, Angel of the Book  
Of Record, stay, and look !  
For this is far from all  
Of Poland's direful thrall  
From Russia's might, whose whole  
Of tyrant dirt and dole  
Hath hue of Herod's crime,  
And smells of Nero's time !  
Fair women sent to pine  
In dark and noisome mine !  
Or sent with felon's chain  
To walk the weary plain  
Where mercy hath no rate,  
Where hunger hath no sate  
But cup and crust of hate !  
Or hath she darker fate  
That is so worse than death  
It is not given breath !

Nor is this all, for there,  
Condemned to exile's fare,  
The patriot's children know  
Maturity of woe !  
O angel ! and ye stars !  
Enduring still the czars !  
What Herod edict this !  
Ukase to blot the bliss  
From childhood's heart of joy,  
That never knew alloy  
Of ill, nor thought to stray  
In sin's forbidden way,  
And so most rightfully  
The heir of liberty,  
Entitled to be free  
As nature's minstrelsy  
Of zephyrs, birds and rills  
That sing to freedom's hills !

Read not the story through,  
Read not of Finn or Jew,  
Read not, though each have felt  
The blows the tyrants dealt  
To emphasize their hate

Of freedom's good estate,  
Enough the monster crime  
That chilled Sarmatia's clime,  
Enough what Poland braved  
Ere Russian hate enslaved,  
Enough the robber rout  
That blotted Poland out !  
Enough is one page  
Of Tyranny's rage !  
Enough is the brief  
Of exiles in grief !

O ye who are given,  
As natives of heaven,  
The quality high  
Of grace of the sky,  
That maketh secure  
Where none could endure  
Devoid of the dower  
Of heavenly power,  
Could even the might  
Of sons of the light  
Fit an angel to bear,  
If, gifted so rare,

An angel should dare,  
To con the dread score  
Of pillage and gore  
That causes the wail  
From Vistula's vale !  
Or ponder the woes  
The banished one knows  
In Tyranny's chains  
On far away plains !

O ! the desolate strand  
Where hate burns the land  
To barrenest sand !  
While doubt freezes there  
Till even the air  
Is chill with despair  
And dread as the breath  
Of the spectre of death !

In spite of the chill  
That freezes to kill,  
There facile ones fly

From nethermost sky,  
Who, artful in eye  
And skillful to lie,  
From seeming at first  
On mission accurst  
From regions the worst,  
Soon look to repent  
Of evil intent,  
And, merciful bent,  
From sinister gleams  
Quick vary to beams  
Of a twinkling that seems  
The hopefulest ray  
Of the splendors of day !  
And the lustre that glints  
Deceives as the hints  
That rosiest morn  
The waste shall adorn,  
Where no morning can come  
To the castaway's gloom !

There swift from below,  
There joyful at woe,  
There charmed with a moan,

There rapt o'er a groan,  
There others have flown,  
Who missioned of Night,  
Who buoyant at blight,  
Who sportive at chains  
Harsh clanking o'er plains  
Where Tyranny reigns,  
Sing gleeful at cries  
Of anguish that rise  
From the victims of hate  
In the bondage of fate,  
Begirt with their dead  
And trembling with dread  
Of still deeper gloom  
To darken their doom !  
But have harpers of hell  
The numbers to tell  
The gloom of a cell  
Of Saghalien, where dwell  
The good and the brave  
Whom tyrants enslave,  
Or the murk of the mines  
Where hope never shines,  
No, never, through years  
Of the salttest of tears !

Read not the story through ;  
One page alone will do !  
One page alone of dread,  
One page with terror red,  
One page of hot tears shed,  
One page of that despair,  
Which fades the eye and hair,  
Saps e'en the power to cry,  
Gives a hot thirst to die,  
Kills the smile on the face,  
Blots the last look of grace,  
Blots the last mental trace,  
Stills the hand from device,  
Chills the blood into ice,  
And the nerves into bone,  
And the heart into stone !

O what chieftain would dare  
In the lists with despair,  
Though grandly he fare  
From tournaments where  
The giants, aflame  
With the passion for fame,  
Contend in the fray

Of chivalry's day !  
Aye, came he away  
Unhewn and complete  
And longing to meet  
Far fiercer than those  
He found to oppose,  
What victor would dare  
To cope with despair ?  
How dead the heart, how dead,  
With hope forever fled !  
And yet 'tis so quick  
That it trembles at tick  
Of the seconds of time  
And the pulsing of rhyme  
Of the song that keeps tune  
With the cadence of June !  
Though despairing till dead,  
Yet it trembles with dread  
At the tenderest song  
That is wafted along  
Over clover and corn  
On the breath of the morn !  
And it quivers and quakes  
At a zephyr that shakes  
But as gently as jar  
Of the beams of a star

That in rose-scented hours,  
Bright glancing in bowers,  
Responds to the flowers  
That smile, to invite  
The cheer of the light  
Of the beauty of heaven,  
In stellar beams given.

Aye, there's never a heart  
That's alive to all art  
And is beating in chime  
With nature's sweet rhyme,  
But if conquered by fear  
Would shudder to hear  
Even music of waves  
Of the streamlet that laves  
The myrtle banks sweet  
Where the fairy ones meet,  
In elfin land grove,  
To warble of love !  
Aye, held by despair,  
No victim could bear  
Breath from elfin land, where  
But a breath of the air

Of the earth would displace  
The planets that trace  
Round the fairy land sun  
The courses they run.  
What then is the fate  
Of the victims of hate  
Of the despot who reigns  
O'er the Russian domains,  
And his victims doth cast  
To the pitiless blast  
Of northland, or wills  
That in Caucasus hills  
They shall dig till they die, .  
And dishonored shall lie  
In a far away grave  
Too mean for a slave !  
And fiendishly laugh  
The tyrants and quaff,  
At royalty's feast,  
For Vanity drest,  
The wine drunk by Pride  
When he defied  
The heavens, and boldest lied,  
And sipped to aid him sing  
For Cruelty's king !  
The juice of hell's hate !

Drunk by tyrants elate  
To desecrate,  
By their revelings bold,  
The vessels of gold  
From temples plundered where,  
In high devotion rare,  
The loving and the free  
Their feasts of liberty  
In Polish custom held,  
Far back in days of Eld !

O Heaven ! whose lurid star  
Maddens to might and war !  
When thou shalt undertake  
The Russian yoke to break,  
Say, Heaven of justice, say,  
What blood can ever pay  
The wrong to Poland done  
By those whose ravage won  
By Vistula's fair tide,  
That, often crimson-dyed  
From noblest patriot slain,  
Goes moaning to the main !

Ye thrice ten thousand dead,  
Whose blood the Cossacks shed  
In homes of Praga fair,  
How eloquent your prayer—  
A plea to Heaven to aid  
A land in ruin laid.  
And emphasis of gore  
Hath this from thousands more  
Where Warsaw's reddened plains,  
That Freedom's ichor stains,  
And Cracow's crimsoned sod,  
Still wail their plaints to God !  
Fair Wanda's mountain moans,  
Responsive to the groans,  
And Dnieper makes her cry,  
For Dniester to reply ;  
And from the Don to San,  
Rebuking Russian ban,  
Blood red the waters gleam  
Of each Sarmatian stream !  
Whichever way it track,  
To Baltic or the Black,  
Sad, sad each river flows,  
A requiem of woes,  
From Poland to the seas  
That chant her miseries !

## VISION AND PROPHECY.

ON Ural hills it came,  
A tongue of prophet flame,  
A burning thither sent  
From out the firmament  
Of justice, love and truth,  
And everlasting youth.  
And thus the fervid voice :  
“ O tyrant ! have thy choice,  
To turn to righteousness  
And teach thy hands to bless—  
Repent the despot’s crime,  
Worst cruelty of time,  
Or take the doom that falls  
Thereon—the mighty walls  
Of tyranny thrown down,  
The dimmed and wrested crown  
Of monarchs in defeat,  
With conscience to repeat  
To all the winds that fleet—  
“ The tyrant’s fate is meet ! ” ”  
Thus, while the bright night heard,  
Swift flew the warning word  
And sought by westward star

The palace of the czar.  
There, round the festive board,  
His nobles and their lord  
Glowed o'er their ruddy wine,  
In toast of new design  
To make the exiles weep  
And keep the world asleep  
Anent the wrongs that steep  
The tyrant Tartar's name  
In infamy and shame.

But stay, why trembles he ?  
What vision doth he see ?  
No ghost in festive hall ,  
No hand upon the wall,  
To make his pleasures pall.  
No fiend his eyes detect ;  
No peasant to suspect.  
Tried ministers attend,  
Full foot and horse defend  
The throne and citadel  
Where czar and kindred dwell,  
And cordoned round the land  
Grim guarding legions stand !

Yet pales the czar with dread !  
He deems assassins tread,  
With blade athirst and blast,  
To drink his blood and cast  
In atoms to the sky  
The halls of tyranny !

The voice from Ural hills  
Flamed forth hath gone in thrills  
Of swiftest breezes blown  
Along the northern zone,  
And many leagues afar  
In palace of the czar  
With trembling terror fills,  
To consternation chills  
The ruler of the land.  
And not invention planned  
To keep supreme at home  
His reign, if foes should come,—  
And not ambitious schemes  
That give him pleasant dreams  
Of other lands to gain,  
Of widening domain  
To great increase of dower,

To boundlessness of power—  
Not one of these, nor all,  
Can break the chilling thrall,  
And drive the fiends away  
That on his spirit prey !

And evermore shall cling  
Those fiends, and tear and sting,  
And for new vigor drink  
The ichor, black as ink,  
Of veins of tyranny  
That fed on liberty  
Through many, many years,  
Drank river floods of tears  
And jeered a thousand sneers  
At patriotic sighs  
Drawn by a czar's emprise !  
After the burning spoke  
And round the echoes woke  
Responsive to the doom  
The flame announced to come,—  
Soft blazed the voice of truth,  
In tones of tender ruth  
Of love's sweet firmament,

A message eastward sent  
By one appearing there  
From out the upper air,  
Who seemed to high emprise  
Commissioned by the skies,  
He wore that loveliness  
That doth high worth express  
In angel or in men  
Of angel mien and ken.

Away on zephyrs borne,  
He came at tinge of morn  
To bleak Siberian strand,  
The northern demonland.  
There imps abound in air  
Who give their constant care  
That when the tyrants die  
Some sprite of ill shall fly  
To convoy them to hell,  
Reporting there how well  
They have performed the work  
The monarch of the murk  
Assigns, and thus, how far  
They have obeyed the czar.

From spirit of the sky  
The imps affrighted fly.  
And well escaped his might,  
They pause them in their flight  
And hiss, in powerless ire,  
Their breath of spiteful fire,  
That freezes on the air.  
And now they backward fare,  
To see if stranger sprite  
Shall think him to alight.  
And soon he turns to fly,  
That bright one of the sky,  
His plumage to begrime,  
Down through the jagged rime  
Of rock where guardsmen pace,  
To keep the exile race.  
And this the word of cheer  
The toilers, listening hear :  
“ Good patience, still, ye braves  
Condemned to fate of slaves !  
Against Oppression’s throne,  
The Mighty makes His own  
The cause of those who, long  
In suffering, still are strong.”

Glad on his herald tongue  
The delvers hopeful hung.  
Yet scarce could angel's cheer  
Dispel an exile's fear.  
Forth then the voice of flame ;  
And soon a lovelier came—  
An angel with this word :  
“ The message ye have heard  
Was told to me in heaven,  
Whence all good gifts are given.  
So strange 'twas thought 'twould seem,  
So fanciful the dream,  
Another one was sent  
Attesting the intent  
Of powers above to bless  
With buoyance in duress  
And exodus from chains  
To Freedom's own domains.”

The angel ceased and drew  
A stylus forth of hue  
Of the cerulean blue  
And ruby stone and white,  
And straight began to write

Upon the prison mine  
With deep cut lustrous sign.  
No words the delving said,  
But breathless watched and read ;  
And forth the angel fled.

Came then a third to say ;  
“Toilers, ye have seen to-day  
Two of the seven prized most  
Of the selectest host  
Of all the armies bright  
Bannered in realms of light.  
Aflame with brightest star,  
That host ten thousand are,  
With place of honor given  
The thousand best of heaven,  
They who the most have blessed,  
As heaven's accounts attest,  
The sorrowing ones of earth,  
And honored most true worth.  
And those a hundred best  
Have placed before the rest,  
The hundred giving seven  
Most pleasing unto Heaven

The highest, foremost place  
Of all the angel race.

“ And, of this number, one  
Is Uriel of the sun.  
And Raphael gracious is  
And given to ministries,  
And most sublimities  
Hath missioned been to see,  
And most of misery.  
The first your boon to tell  
Was flaming Uriel,  
And Raphael who came  
To witness Uriel’s flame  
And cheer with face benign  
The delvers in this mine.

“ Led Israfil the throng  
In that first Christmas song  
That told the waiting earth  
Of a Redeemer’s birth.  
And two of the seven  
From out the weeping heaven

Flown sad, in sympathy  
And wondering tears, to see  
The dread sublimity  
Of rugged Calvary,  
Stayed sentinels and kept  
The tomb where Jesus slept—  
The loveliest of the sky,  
Who gave himself to die  
And their rejoicing eyes  
Beheld the Savior rise  
And saw the earliest ray  
Of that first Easter day !

“ As, in God’s economies,  
What once is true, forever is,  
And truth for angels holds for men,  
So, evermore, as when  
To watching spirits came  
The primal Easter flame,  
The best of honors given  
To man this side of heaven  
He wins who faithful waits  
With Right through cruel fates.  
Who bides with Worth through shame  
Shall have a lustrous fame ;

With Christ through night of scorn,  
The joy of Easter morn !  
And this, if fervors beat  
Of summer's fiercest heat,  
If 'tis November drear,  
Or if that time of year  
Whose wintry breath  
Is genuine as death !

“ Not oft do mortals see  
In quick succession three  
Celestial ones, as ye  
This day have seen and heard  
In glad prophetic word.  
Yet men this truth may know,  
That for each want and woe  
Some angel waits above  
Commissioned by the Love  
Supreme, to fly and prove  
With blessings from the skies,  
That He is kind and wise  
And doth permit the stress,  
To give Him chance to bless  
And those who suffer, place  
To struggle into grace

Of goodness and the dower  
Of perfectness of power.  
Whoso behaveth right,  
Whatever be his plight ;  
Whoever thinketh bright,  
Important, happy thing  
To say, or paint, or sing,  
Hath influence from the sky,  
And voice to ask him try  
To make both fine and strong  
The word, the tint, the song.  
Who heeds the first, gains more  
Of the celestial store  
That gives uplift from trite  
To new, from slough to height,  
From weakness unto might,  
From dryness, deadness, blight,  
To bud, and leaf, and bloom,  
That hint of Junes to come.  
O gracious boundlessness  
Of Heaven's power to bless !

“Keep sweet, O patriots, ye  
In this hard slavery,  
And some day ye shall see  
The tyrant bend the knee,

To ask for leave to fly,  
By conscience scourged to die  
Beneath this bitter sky—  
Here, where the clank of chains  
Doth fright Siberian plains  
To barrenness and dearth  
Unknown elsewhere on earth—  
Here, where such blight has blown  
Forever from the zone  
Of doubt, that all the air  
Is dense with chill despair ! ”

Seen or invisible,  
As seemeth to them well,  
The spirits come to tell  
The words of wrath or love  
That emanate above.  
And though alert to sounds  
And sights that vexed their rounds,  
The guardsmen of the mines,  
Sworn to the czar's designs,  
Saw not those whose emprise  
Was threatening from the skies,  
Though came they bright as stars  
To speak the doom of czars.

But read the guards in mine  
The deeply-written sign,  
And sent a message far  
To citadel of czar.  
And he to frenzy flew,  
And worse each moment grew.

Imperial mandate given,  
The royal guards had striven  
The writing to erase.  
But none could yet efface  
Indictment graven there  
By one of upper air.  
And livid in that mine  
Fierce glistened still each line :  
*“Unless the czars repent  
Before the firmament  
And right the wrong  
Their hate hath done so long,  
For Poland’s cup of gall  
The Russian throne must fall !”*

The czar a chemist sent,  
Who with fierce caustics went,

To eat the message out  
That so had put to rout  
The pleasure of the czar,  
And toiled from dawn to star  
With fiery rust and bar.

Homeward the chemist flew,  
And this the message true :  
“ No science can begin,  
Nor skill, the race to win—  
The words are burning in ! ”  
Some straying peasant heard  
The courier’s fateful word  
Reported to the lord  
Chief courtier of the king,  
And all the people sing,  
And children join the din,  
“ *The words are burning in !* ”

Again the man with bar  
And rust to please the czar,  
And tear the message out,  
Of which the people shout.

And with his mission o'er,  
Reports he as before :  
“ A span, a foot, a rod—  
Swift science doth but plod.  
The words do inward fly  
As missioned from the sky ! ”

In rage the monarch flew,  
The alchemist he slew,  
And sent another, still,  
With threat to chain and kill,  
Did he not burn or tear  
That message of despair.  
And with him fared a guard  
That no one should retard,  
Nor scientist should flee,  
If unsuccessful he.  
Returned, he trembling said,  
As forth the guardsmen led  
Him, strongly held and bound,  
To slay if faithless found ;  
“ A foot, an ell, a rod—  
The message writ of God  
About a nation's sin  
*Is further burning in ! ”*

The guardsmen aim to fire !  
The monarch cries, "Retire  
With him in heavy chains  
To wildest northern plains !  
The recreant's mocking breath  
Must not the ease of death !"

Fruitless the despot's plan  
Of banishing the man.  
Borne by the ready airs,  
His message onward fares  
Through scenes of joy and dearth  
Around the peopled earth !  
Hill tells it unto fen,  
The wilds to homes of men,  
The mountain to the moor,  
The robin at the door  
Of cottage and of hall—  
That broken soon the thrall  
Of Russian slaves will be,  
And joy of Liberty !

And chant the brooks and birds :  
"The angel-written words

About a nation's sin  
*Are ever burning in ! ”*  
And other birds are singing  
In every morn of winging,  
In every moon of flying  
For food for birdlings crying,  
And eve of homeward hieing  
To nest, and rest, and love,  
A message from above  
Befitting lark or dove  
To sing in all the earth :  
“ Man's greatest wealth, his worth,  
His unearned plenty, dearth ;  
His best of liberty,  
Deserving to be free.”

Still other birds that fly  
And sing, they know not why,  
Thus cheer, inspire and warn  
At eve and happy morn ;  
“ Whatever first success,  
What flatterers address,  
How fondly love caress,  
How praiseth selfishness

That hopes return, to bless,  
Whatever is the stress  
Of noyance that doth press,  
War waged for wrong is wrong,  
And weak and never strong.  
And weak is war for might ;  
But ever finds true knight  
All powerful war for right,  
For God is in the fight !  
Though right should lose the fray,  
And victory delay,  
Yet surely comes the day  
Of victory, to stay,  
And show that right hath might ;  
For God is in the fight !”

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## A WARNING TO COLUMBIA.

BUT briefly where it sung  
The sentient glowing hung.  
Then over seas it came,  
The fearless warning flame,  
And o'er Potomac's tide  
In indignation cried,

As, eyeing halls of state,  
Mid-air the burning sate,  
Self-poised in conscious truth  
And sense of lasting youth :  
“ For shame, Columbia, shame !  
Bedimming thy bright name  
By leaguing with the power  
That claims by heavenly dower  
Each individual soul  
Of lands in his control,  
With right to dominate,  
Unto severest fate  
Those bending not the knee  
At nod of Tyranny !

“ Why dost thou promise, why  
That when to thee shall fly  
Those fortunate to break  
Their bondage and to take  
Across the seas as their way,  
West guided by the ray  
Of freedom, to thy land,  
They shall be held for hand  
Of czar, whose wrath they flee,  
To fly in hope to thee ?

These sent to despot back,  
To dungeon and to rack,  
For holding but the thought  
That ill the monarchs wrought  
Who joyed to curse  
With an oppression worse  
Than the tyrannic crimes  
Of old barbaric times !  
In league, Columbia, why,  
With Russian tyranny ? ”

In silence, then, the flame,  
To hear if answer came  
From out Columbian hall  
And, saying “ Deaf to all,  
And to thy past untrue ! ”  
The lustre, sighing, flew  
To welcome of the blue,  
That bent, sad questioning,  
And bade the birds to sing,  
And brooks—“ Columbia, why  
In league with tyranny ? ”

## ORDEAL AND OUTCOME.

O PATRIOTS, pure and strong,  
And waiting now so long  
Surcease of this hard fate,  
Wait on, for God doth wait !  
For Christ, when in the fate  
O'er which all nature wept  
And Heaven sad vigils kept,  
His slayers could forgive,  
And died that they might live.  
He shed in death the tears  
That permeate the years,  
And ever plead with man  
The beauty of the plan  
Of giving bread for blows,  
For thorn, the thornless rose  
Of love, that sweeter grows  
Through trials oft and sore,  
That, wounded o'er and o'er,  
Doth from its fragrant store  
The balm of good disburse,  
And blessings breathe for curse.

To keep this code of heaven,  
The patriots have forgiven,

In hope that kindness win  
Who seventy times should sin.  
But seven times that have striven  
These foes of man and Heaven,  
And by ten thousand times  
Have multiplied their crimes !  
And Heaven impatient grows,  
And, noting long the woes  
Of Poland and of all  
Within the Russian's thrall,  
Will surely send a hand,  
To write where tyrant band,  
In revel o'er their wine,  
Shall read and know the sign  
Grim glistening on the wall,  
That tyranny must fall !  
Aye, patience may endure ;  
But wrath deferred is sure.  
And soon the man shall rise  
To hear and heed the cries  
Of victims of the czars.  
And then, O waiting stars,  
How will ye shout and sing,  
And call the birds to wing  
In swiftest flight, to tell  
Wherever patriots dwell,

His name who conquered Tyranny  
And set the exiles free,  
And Poland's flag unfurled  
To honor in the world.

Aye, God will heed the cries  
Of Poland's agonies.  
For, though His name is Love,  
And His the carrier dove,  
Yet His the eagle is,  
And all the majesties  
Of all the life of earth,  
Since far creation's birth !  
He gave the tiger power,  
And ocean monsters dower,  
To lash the seas to rage  
And mighty ships engage.  
He taught the earth to quake,  
And made the mountains shake.  
'Twas He created light  
And piled the Alpine height.  
He set the rhythmic spheres  
To cadence of the years  
Of the eternity  
He gave the right to be !

His Christ of Olivet  
And Galilee used, yet,  
A scourge; His Moses saw  
The lightnings of the law  
From Sinai blaze, to tell  
That with Jehovah dwell  
All powers, and it is well  
With those alone who fear  
Him, and in truth sincere,  
Hold all His statutes dear,  
Who live for righteousness,  
And never to oppress.  
And He, if stubborn prove  
The czars to pleas of love,  
Will call some iron man  
To execute His plan,  
To thunder forth His wrath  
And plow with war a path  
Through tyranny's domains  
And break the exiles' chains,  
And lead each patriot band  
To home and native land.

And yet, protesting rhyme  
Against the Russian crime,

Fail not his worth to sing,  
Who, once in Russia king,  
Had righted much of wrong,  
Had not the furious throng  
Smote Alexander down  
And set the Russian crown  
Against the Polish cause  
Of Liberty's good laws.  
And Polish patriots see  
A crime in anarchy.  
No vengeance on their foes  
Would they ; but thornless rose  
And white, and every flower  
Of Peace for those whose power  
Hath been so long the ban  
Of Poland and of man !  
Unselfish in their grief,  
These patriots seek relief  
For all who feel  
The tyrant's iron heel.  
To people of the realm  
They seek to give the helm  
Of Russian power,  
As rightful dower.  
Nor charge they the rod  
Of tyranny to God.

And spurn they the extremes  
Of the ill-visioned dreams  
Of those anarchic fools  
Whom wild unwisdom rules,  
They of that base alloy  
Which nerves men to destroy.

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## A PILGRIMAGE OF CZARS.

WILL tyrants turn, who make  
Their chief delight to break  
The patriotic heart,  
And name their crime an art !  
Yet grant imagination scope,  
And patience chance to hope  
That czars be won to sense  
Of need of penitence,  
Or scourged until they see  
How wrong the cruelty  
That gives to Poland tears,  
And damns a thousand years !

Should miracle be done,  
The greatest under sun  
The visioned stars have seen,  
And czars repentance mean—  
Go, czars, by conscience sent,  
Go, honored to repent,  
Go, with your burden bent,  
Go any way ye must,  
Go, if through thorns and dust ;  
Go, if with heavy chains  
Like exiles o'er the plains !  
Go, grateful that you may ;  
Go, seek fit place to pray.  
Go where the zephyrs say  
That sigh from heaven's way !  
Go, foes of liberty,  
And fall on suppliant knee  
Where dust of Kracut is  
'Mid Cracow's mysteries,  
The first of Polish kings  
The muse of History sings,  
The Slavic chief of time  
Ere czars had cursed his clime.  
There, pleading not the claim  
Of royalty or fame,  
But only His good name

Who gave the one relief  
That owned himself a thief —  
There tell the skies your sin,  
Aware, as ye begin,  
That Christ, the ever kind,  
With justice mild, consigned  
To millstone and the sea  
The unwept tyranny  
Of Pharisees of old,  
To whom ye likeness hold !  
Kneel, then, in Cracow, where  
The soul of Wanda fair  
Doth frequent still the air  
Above the hill that claims  
Sweetest of Polish names.  
And ask you there of Heaven  
If czars can be forgiven !

BY KOSCIUSKO'S DUST.

THEN, with this pleading done,  
If beams benignant sun,  
Or if for you there shine  
One ray of star benign ;  
Then seek another grave,  
His place whom Heaven gave,  
To show to czars and earth  
A Polish patriot's worth,  
And sent to aid, in youth,  
Columbia's cause of truth.  
There, by this hero's rest,  
See, if, with prayer addressed  
The Heaven of Liberty,  
Czars can forgiven be  
Of Heaven and of the free !  
There hear from far the cry  
Of those who hope, or try  
To hope, before they die,  
To see once more the home  
From which dear memories come.  
O ! memories that burn  
And into torments turn !  
How must the exiles yearn

For once to grasp the hand  
Of kindred in the land  
Of their great leader's birth,  
The dearest land of earth :  
O, cruel tyranny !  
That freemen may not see  
For once the boyhood farm,  
Sweet with the pet brook's charm ;  
For once the childhood cot,  
For once the play-place grot,  
For once the daisied mead,  
For once two paths to lead,  
As once, to trysting place  
Of bravery and of grace !  
For once the grassy mound  
That love's fair roses crowned !  
There Linka's ashes lie,  
Who had the choice to die  
Or tell the tyrant's spy  
When by His Highness bid,  
Of patriot Pavel hid !

And there's the outlook hill,  
And there the near-by rill,

And there the other stream,  
Whose unforgotten gleam  
Inspired the boyhood dream  
Of busy, stirring life,  
Of joy in hardest strife,  
Of earning high success  
And coming home to bless,  
With nobly won largess,  
The village where in joy  
Erstwhile dwelt the boy !  
Instead, condemned to pine,  
Imprisoned in a mine,  
For that high quality  
That fits men to be free.

There, where the good man lies,  
Best of the sanctities  
Of the Sarmatian land,  
There, tyrants, stand,  
There, tyrants, kneel,  
And well the honor feel !  
There, ye who give a slave  
The right to choose his grave,  
The felon, who atones,  
With hempen halter, groans

He caused, the right to say  
Where ye his bones shall lay—  
There, by Kosciusko's dust,  
Be honest, once, and just !  
There, talk, repentant czars,  
With conscience and the stars,  
The eyeing stars, that see  
What is sincerity,  
And will no fleeting mood  
Of tears for years of blood !  
Tell stars and conscience why  
In vain do freemen cry  
To you for boon of serf,  
For one green stretch of turf,  
Where, from foreign strand  
Sent back to native land—  
Where, if not given breath  
At home, they may at death  
Be sent to final rest,  
To slumber unoppressed !

Cannot endure the stars ?  
Why, there's a place, ye czars,  
Where stars do never shine,  
And whence no royal line  
Or peasant cometh back

By straight or devious track—  
But onward still must fare  
Whoever goeth there !  
And there's another, too,  
Where stars are never due,  
But lurid lightnings glare,  
And demons rule the air ;  
And hither none shall fare  
That ever enter there !  
And there's another, still,  
Of flowery plain and hill  
Of Sion, blest abode  
Of angels and of God !  
And of the saints who rise  
From earth's hard agonies  
To freedom of the skies !  
But, untransformed by grace  
To fitness for the place,  
In heaven no tyrants live ;  
For heavenly blisses give  
Such influence that 'twere hell  
For tyrants there to dwell.

## WARNINGS FROM ELDER DAYS.

O YE unthinking czars,  
Why contradict the stars !  
For they have lived to see  
Too much of history  
To deign to a reply  
When even Russians lie !  
Boast not your hosts in arms,  
That give the world alarms.  
For steel-clad giants are  
But pygmies to a star.  
Stars laugh at all your power  
And point to Shinar's tower,  
That was, and Babylon,  
That boasted to the sun  
Of her Chaldean might !  
And held the world in fright,  
And perished in a night !  
And but her ruins tell  
Of Babylon that fell !

And point the stars, to king  
Of whom but furies sing,

The Herod throned of yore,  
But cursed forever more  
In street and cloister lore.

From scanning these  
Look back to Rameses,  
Whom and whose like gave tears  
For twice two hundred years  
To chosen sons of God.  
And these condemned to plod,  
Scourged by oppression's rod  
That grew by gore,  
These, through their bondage sore,  
Upon God's promise fed,  
Till, brave enough, they fled,  
By visioned shepherd led.

And now the sea before  
Withholds from freedom's shore,  
And prisoning mountains stand  
To hold for Pharoah's hand.  
But look ! the flood divides,  
Heaven holds apart the tides !

The fugitives pass through ;  
Menephtah's hosts pursue.  
But fierce returning waves  
Whelm in their watery graves  
Ruler, horsemen, all—  
A wreck that hints the fall  
Of the Egyptian throne,  
O'er which, in warning moan,  
The ages sweep, to say  
That tyrants pass away !

Man's title to be free  
Is writ in history,  
And finds, to prove it, given  
The very truth of Heaven.  
And, sweet as favoring word  
By wooing Honor heard,  
The song of brook and bird  
And Zephyr's minstrelsy  
Are music of the free.  
So everything decries  
The despot's tyrannies.  
In waking life of spring,  
When glad the robins sing ;

In the persuasive breath  
Of June from flowery heath ;  
In airs that sweeten shade  
Of pleasant wooded glade  
And move the fairy ferns  
To dance by merry burns ;  
In storms around the peaks  
Where fierce the thunder speaks ;  
In chill November's gale  
That sweeps the frosted vale ;  
In Ocean's sullen roar  
On Winter's icy shore—  
In all her ministries,  
The voice of nature is  
Rebuke of tyrannies.

In tender tones and mild  
As plaintive voice of child,  
In clarion peal, and strong  
As burst of lyric song ;  
Commanding, deep and slow  
As centuries that flow  
Through history  
Toward eternity—

The olden warning word  
Repeated, now is heard  
In all the upward trend  
To Consummation's end ;  
The word in every wind,  
The word in every mind,  
But yours, audacious czars,  
Who contradict the stars—  
Let ye my people go !  
Let ye the exiles go !

# CONTRAST

III.



## CLARE.

A RAVEN folds his wings  
Where Susquehanna sings  
A deep, unceasing dirge ;  
And, chiming with the surge,  
And sadder than the song,  
The bird, the whole day long,  
Cries forth from pines that sigh  
Beneath November's sky !  
Yet vain the chant, how vain  
The whole commingled strain,  
To give a full relief,  
Or even lessen grief,  
When over loved ones slain,  
Bereavéd hearts complain  
That woman false should prove  
To constancy of love.  
In vain the pine trees sigh,  
And bird and river try  
To tell their blessings fled  
Who mourn their Roderick dead.  
For he such joy had given,  
To them he seemed from heaven.

But came a fateful day  
To sweep their hopes away !  
Protecting angels ! spare  
The earth from more like Clare,  
Who lit, to quench, the fires  
Of love's supreme desires,  
Joyed o'er the fading glow,  
Laid then the altar low,  
And gloried in the guilt  
To wreck the temple built  
Of peace, by hope, above  
The silver shrine of love.  
And these in ruin say  
How sad that fateful day.  
Betrothed from her own choice,  
To make his heart rejoice  
Who faithfully and well  
Had loved, by message fell  
Clare put his joy to rout  
And ruthless blotted out  
The star that makes men glad  
And, failing, drives them mad.

At middle of the night,  
When hope had borne such blight

'Twere midnight were it noon,  
November were it June !  
Doubt's night, when 'gainst despair,  
Worst fiend of all that are,  
The lover long had striven,  
At midnight, demon-driven —  
He knew not what he did !  
Blame him ? O Heaven forbid !  
And Heaven their hearts sustain  
Who mourn their Roderick slain.  
And yet they bravely keep  
Life's course while still they weep.  
And braver than to live,  
The sorrowing ones forgive  
The cruelty of art  
That broke a lover's heart  
And drove him to the deed  
For which their hearts must bleed  
Throughout the desert years,  
And they shed bitter tears  
O'er one with sweetest worth  
That ever perfumed earth,  
O'er one whom traitor gave  
To an untimely grave.

So of this sadness voiceful surge  
Of river sang, and so the dirge  
Of pines, and all the winds that blew,  
Told what no yeoman was but knew,  
No dullest vision but could see  
Was useless here more witchery.  
Yet here, where seem the rocks in tears  
And giant oaks to thrill with fears,  
The artful Clare dissembles pain  
Of grieving love o'er lover slain,  
Till some repenting scorn they gave,  
Of feigning Clare her pardon crave,  
And speak in tones that fall like rain  
On thirsty herbs of fevered plain !  
The hint of wish to fare away  
They gently chide, and press to stay,  
And beg a frequent friendly word  
By postman fleet or carrier bird.  
Then, flushing fine from their caress  
Who pray celestial graciousness  
The grief-rent heart of Clare to bless,  
The queen of arts that do not fail  
Goes forth to quest in other vale !

How many there her arts reward  
The song were weighted to record.

Yet many 'twas, and there, of all  
Entranced, but one too brave to fall.  
This Donald was, blithe, wise and strong,  
From land of heather and of song—  
So gallant, unobtrusive, good,  
'Twere naught to read the noble blood  
Descended from some hardy clan  
Whose valor back to Wallace ran,  
And blended, in the days of eld,  
With might the glorious Bruces held.  
Discerning Scot, as Scots are born,  
With inner sight to ken and warn,  
He read her arts and read to scorn,  
And tossed a calm, derisive "nay,"  
And said, as needless 'twere to say,  
"Fair one, withhold the huntsman's horn,  
Nor urge thy steed the chase forlorn.  
Although thine arrows oft have slain,  
To speed them here again were vain,  
Till easier game thine eyes shall see  
Before thee, queen of archery ! "

Defeated once, but hopeful still,  
The artful is victorious till,

Returning where her course begun,  
Art wins again where erst it won.  
Inbreathing, from the airs that fleet  
And from the souls her arts defeat  
New qualities of woman's power  
To add to her abundant dower,  
Audacious grows the conquering Clare,  
Till, daring sacred precincts where  
The ashes loved of Roderick sleep,  
And bowed bereavement comes to weep,  
She startles from affection's prayer  
The kin and comrades faithful there—  
Yet artful so they near believe  
Her artfulness, that would deceive  
Almost the angels of the skies,  
So saintly seem her sophistries !  
Assuming role of mourner, too,  
Who sorrows more than others do,  
She comes in tears and tearful goes,  
Returns in tears and plants a rose,  
And tarries oft in practice there,  
To learn the art to feign a prayer !

Thus once from dawn to evening star,  
When stranger fared who came from far,

From England's coast, in quest of fame,  
From England's coast, with Albion's  
name.

Though great his English consequence  
And all sufficient for defence  
Against most pleasures aimed to try  
To swerve from his endeavors high,  
It was not proof against the Clare  
Discovered thus by Albion there,  
A lovely grief alone at prayer !

If power there be in woman's smiles,  
How thrice bewitching are the wiles  
Of woman tremulous with fears,  
Of woman grieving unto tears.  
And charming if the grief sincere,  
Her sorrow feigned more cause for fear,  
When greater than the true appear  
The acted sigh, and look, and tear.

Tell not the story, though 'tis brief,  
Of Albion won by woman's grief,

So fully won that those who warned  
He heeded not till charmer scorned.  
Tell not the tale, though briefly said,  
Of Albion loving, Albion dead,  
Self-slain because refused by Clare,  
The charming grief he found at prayer.  
How great the woes of woman due  
At Roderick's grave and Albion's, too !  
At hint of day she weeps by one,  
By other with the setting sun !  
But yonder, poised on buoyant wings,  
An angel messenger, who sings :  
" Fair one and false, inconstant Clare,  
'Twere ill for one from upper air  
For once a woman's mind to taint  
With words that any vices paint  
To which her cruelties have driven  
Good men whose virtues, sweet to heaven,  
Bloomed fragrant on the airs of earth  
With odors of celestial worth !  
And who shall tell the griefs that crazed  
Till calmest minds erratic blazed,  
Then sank forever in the night  
Of deepest hopelessness of blight !  
Or who describe the crimson tide  
Where love, defeated, rashly died.

Although the busy following years  
Of triumphs won through causing tears,  
May for the moment thrust aside  
Remembrance of the first who died  
To whom, in plighting troth, she lied,  
Not long doth Clare forget, I ween,  
The color of the tragic scene  
When he went out a darkened way,  
Not even Clare forgets that day—  
Not even Clare, where 'er she stray,  
Not even Clare doth long forget  
The sadness of the sun that set  
When first a victim of her slight  
Rushed wild, despairing into night?

“But that dark night shall have a morn,  
O Clare, who didst his pleading scorn  
A morn when thou from night shall see  
His spirit in felicity,  
High mated in that country where  
No one like thee shall ever dare,  
O fair, inconstant, cruel Clare !”

“Forgiven by his gracious kin  
Thy keenest cruelty of sin,

Straight from his death, all unoppressed,  
Thou faredst forth on other quest,  
To win again, again to prove  
Thy sure inconstancy of love.  
And now, although in pride arrayed  
And flushing from achievements made,  
Thou comest to dissemble here  
The power to shed a truthful tear,  
And try the feat, of feigning, Clare,  
The awe and agony of prayer,  
To aid thee sorrowing love to feign,  
That should another lover gain  
For thee to crush, to see his pain !  
Then thou wouldest drink his being up  
And toss aside the broken cup  
That was a faithful lover's self,  
As but the pence of beggar's pelf.  
And forth to other conquest fare,  
Inconstant and insatiate Clare !  
Responsive to thy nature's call,  
Here Albion gave to thee his all.  
Drank thou his soul to thy delight,  
And all his power, to give thee might.  
Drank thou with that high ecstacy  
That speaks a woman's liberty ;  
And then, the consummation done,

Thou, cruel, fair, inconstant one,  
With might he gave didst giver slay,  
And say to all his pleadings nay—  
Thy victor soul to steel didst turn  
And Albion from thy presence spurn ;  
And alternated back to prayer  
Still other souls to charm and snare !  
Nor wouldest thou rest until thine arts  
Had snared and drunk a thousand hearts,  
That each increased the art of Clare  
By thousand fold of power to snare,  
And all the kingliest of the earth,  
Mistaking artfulness for worth,  
Should rave in eloquence of praise  
Of thine enrapturing ways,  
Or cringe, meek suppliants for thy smiles,  
And, for them rivals, by thy wiles,  
Should die in duels for thine hand  
Till rashness reddened every land !  
With airs to sigh a deep refrain,  
And stars in tears above the slain  
That cumbered every plain  
From northmost to Antarctic main,  
And mighty angels trembling o'er  
The prodigality of gore  
From Orient to western shore,

And saints forgetting bliss on high  
To shudder with the peaceful sky—  
This, this, O Clare, were unto thee  
The acme of felicity !

“ But thou shalt never capture more,  
Thy day of conquest now is o'er !  
Tis mine, fair one, the word to speak  
That, spoken, must life's tenure break.  
To some that word is but a boon ;  
Yet unto most it comes too soon.  
But seem it soon, or seem it late,  
Or mean it boon, or mean it fate,  
Or seem it just, or seem it fell,  
When missioned here, that word I tell ;  
For I, fair one, am Azrael.  
And here that word as dart I send  
Thine artful cruelty to end ! ”

The listener speechless, quivering stood,  
Then, reeling, staggered toward the flood.  
The spurning waves soon cast ashore,  
And fishers, finding, pitying bore

To lonely glen and buried there,  
Where meagre marble reads of Clare !  
There weird the pensive pine trees sigh  
Beneath the gray November sky,  
And raven comes on sombre wings  
And gruesome to the river sings,  
That, chanting sad and ceaseless strain,  
Bears burden to the distant main  
Of love that perfidy hath slain.  
And mournful whispering with the dirge,  
Distinct above the river's surge,  
And sigh of pines and note of bird,  
The spirit of a voice is heard :  
*"O maiden fair, do thou be true,  
Or thou shalt long thy falseness rue !  
O woman false, beware, beware ;  
Repent thy ways, give heed to Clare !"*

O who shalt tell the damning guilt  
Of her who wrecks ideal built—  
By her desired, by her inspired—  
By lover by her wishes fired.  
Than this there is no greater crime  
In all the rounds of troubled time,  
Beneath the wide-beholding sun—  
Who murders love, hath murder done !

## INTERLUDE.

O ye compelled to be  
Acquaint with perfidy  
Till ye might think that Clare,  
Was type of all the fair,  
Come where the roses rare,  
And clover blooming there,  
Shed forth upon the air  
The story of a love  
Whose fragrance cheers above  
The breath of sweetest June  
Of Summer's boon !

---

## LILLIAN.

Where sweet a shining river  
Flows singing to the sea  
And purls with charming cadence  
Where smiling landscapes be  
Gemmed bright with pleasant mansions,  
That in perspective seem

The counterpart of castles  
That fill youth's brightest dream—  
There, sweet within the valley,  
In other days, a scene  
That fills with choicest fragrance  
The years that intervene !

And for that scene the valley  
A finer verdure spreads  
When, cheering after winter,  
The May sun radiance sheds,  
And brighter flame and crimson  
And lovelier dun and gold  
The hardy mountain beeches  
And valley maples hold,  
When frost and autumn sunshine  
Their chemistry have done,  
In glorious completion  
Of work the spring begun.

Dear vale of Metawampe !  
Sweet by the sunrise shore

Of thy majestic river,  
    Delightful evermore  
An arbor was where Lillian,  
    Who Leon promise made  
But later wrecked the plighting,  
    By unwise kindred swayed,  
Returned, at last, repentant,  
    To bid his hope relive,  
And there so bravely humble  
    Knelt asking him forgive.

And quick above the sadness  
    That darkened weary years  
And weighted him with sorrow  
    Exceeding words and tears,  
There broke serenest radiance  
    That ever augured day,  
Or woke a heart to courage,  
    Or lit a wanderer's way.

With gentle hand,  
    In fairyland,  
To thoughts sublime she led him ;

With grandest views,  
And nectar dews,  
And heavenly fruitage, fed him ;  
From field and sky  
And mountain high  
Inspiring lessons read him ;  
With tender art,  
From her true heart,  
A sincere promise said him,  
Naming a day,  
A month away,  
A happy day to wed him.

That good day came  
With sweetest flame  
The Orient ever lighted,  
To signalize  
The golden ties  
Of loving hearts united !  
Day sweet with airs  
That banished cares  
And to high thoughts incited ;  
Day spanned with blue,  
The whole day through !

As if all wrongs were righted  
And sang the lark  
Till all birds dark  
**Had** flown from earth affrighted.

The honeymoon  
Could not end soon  
Of two so nobly mated,  
But still would shine  
Were skies benign,  
Or if to grief storms fated.

Their love kept new,  
For each soul grew ;  
And each the other aided  
Right things to know  
To help each grow,  
And love's rose never faded !

Sweet vale of Metawampe !  
Therein, since that dear day,

Auspicious time for trysting  
    The silver nights of May  
For, then, from favoring Heaven,  
    Swift where the lovers wait,  
Thrilled with the thoughts surpassing  
    All else however great,

Fly ministrants commissioned  
    To utter words that save  
From cowardice the lover  
    And make the maiden brave.  
And when the pledge is spoken  
    To crown love's high emprise,  
They soar from Metawampe,  
    To tell the waiting skies !



## OTHER POEMS

I V.



## THE EQUAL LOT.

WITH equal hand, impartial Heaven  
Bestows on all, the blessings given  
To cheer the earth.

If birds that bless the morns of spring  
Alone at regal courts would sing,  
We might complain.

But everywhere, from hill to shore,  
The joyous warblers artless pour  
Their songs for all.

As grateful thine anemones  
And all the perfumed potencies  
Thy rose exhales

As odors they of kingly kind,  
Empurpled in a palace, find  
The flowers to yield

That grow by royal gardener dressed,  
And bloom with smiles of princess blessed,  
On sacred days.

Nor sweeter sound than you or I,  
Hears king or Croesus, walking by  
The purling brook :

Nor, navied in their gilded boats,  
Than we embarked in common floats,  
More restful splash

Of wave; nor surer they to ride  
In safety to the haven side  
Of waters sailed.

Nor king than we has sweeter hymn  
Of Zephyr; nor doth Sunset limn  
Diviner west

For king, with hues from heavenly fount;  
Nor nearer is the royal count  
Of stars than thine

To His who outlined nature's plan  
And reared the astral arch, to span  
    The universe !

---

## AMONG THE TREES.

WHERE nature reigns distinctions fade  
    That pride may bring to grove and  
        glade,  
    To flaunt them there.

Rank has no sway at nature's court,  
And Fame is there of small import,  
    And pelf is scorned.

Impartially, when vernal breath  
Proclaims the winter's reign of death  
    Is at its end,

The maple buds portend the June,  
Whose leaves shall cool the torrid noon  
    Of summer time.

To thee as kindly welcome wave  
The elms as unto prince they gave  
Who fared that way.

And wild and tender harmony  
The pensive pines address to thee  
As unto all,

And breathe balsamic airs of health,  
Uncaring for their rank and wealth  
Who seek the boon.

The quiet beauty of the beech  
To thee as unto all will teach,  
If thou wilt learn,

The loveliness of real worth,  
Whatever station in the earth  
The worthy have.

To thee as grand the oaks that hold  
Discourse with crags of mountain bold,  
Anent the storms,

As unto royalty they seem ;  
And for thine eyes as brightly gleam  
The autumn woods

As for the monarch who desires  
To imitate their gorgeous fires  
On robes he wears,

But finds that futile is the sleight  
Of kings to deck themselves as bright  
As nature shines !

Contrasting with the snowy lands,  
As sombre-hued the hemlock stands  
To symbolize

Thy grief, as though the dark cold green,  
Sighing, bemoaned with northland queen,  
Her consort dead.

And when again the trees in bloom  
Dispel the thoughts of death and doom,  
And hope inspire,

Thou canst the graceful tasseling  
That decks the birchen boughs of spring  
As well enjoy

Uncrowned, untitled and unknown,  
As though instated on a throne  
Of kingly power.

---

### THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

NATURE rebukes presumptuous men,  
And yet invites the constant ken  
Of reverent souls.

And still the words the Master saith,  
Who came of old from Nazareth,  
Nature repeats :

Consider thou the lilies well,  
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell  
Their coloring,

And canst the processes divine  
Wherein the primal hues combine  
That beauty give,

And tell the fragrances that meet  
To make those rarest odors sweet  
That lilies shed.

Consider thou the lilies well,  
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell  
What lilies are—

Perfection of the alchemies  
Wherein the chemists of the skies  
Have wrought their best !

And lilies not alone meant He  
Who taught on hills of Galilee,  
Their loveliness.

But all the flowers that decked the field  
For him did sweetest pleasure yield,  
And theme for thought.

And, eloquent above thy speech,  
The flowers will still their ethics teach,  
    O man of earth,

As when, to prove His doctrine true,  
In Palestine, the Teacher drew  
    From nature's store.

And, mortal, thou canst ever find,  
If well instructed is thy mind  
    By heavenly power,

Such high renewal of thy might,  
Such inspiration and delight,  
    And rest, and peace,

In thinking on the works of God,  
From tiny twig and velvet sod  
    To mountain peak,

As thou, in thine ambitious schemes  
Fulfilled unto thy brightest dreams,  
    Canst never find !

## AT DAY-BREAK.

AT last along the eastern sky  
The glimmerings of morn,  
To end in radiance of joy  
A night of doubt and scorn !

Dread night—it was a winter long !  
And cold with winds of fate,  
That still, through all their fiendish song,  
Were hot with ire of hate

And live with imps whose interludes  
Chimed with the airs, to tell  
The rancor of infernal feuds—  
Fit minstrelsy of hell !

But now the birds with carols high  
Charm all doubt's fiends away,  
And crimsons now the eastern sky,  
To hint a coming day,

That shall through all its hours remain  
    Un vexed by doubt and scorn,  
And in the full of noon retain  
    The newness of the morn !

A day whose evening shall proclaim  
    That brighter dawning waits,  
Fulfillment of the sunset flame,  
    At the celestial gates !

---

## A HEAVEN.

WHEREVER bloom the happy isles  
    In lasting verdure drest,  
Whereon perpetual morning smiles  
    High welcome to the blest,

No gilded barques bear any there ;  
    Nor, borne o'er summer seas,  
Do any find the orchards fair  
    Of the Hesperides.

As story made a dragon bold  
The fabled apples guard,  
So, now, who seek for fruit of gold  
Opposing fiends retard.

But on the good the truth bestows  
Herculean power to slay,  
By valor's well directed blows,  
The monster in the way.

Wherever the elysium is,  
In what good land afar,  
And gained by what high ministries  
Of what benignant star,

It is not reached along the way  
Where sirens charm the sea ;  
But seek, the warning angels say,  
Through Christ of Calvary,

The kingdom of conditions high,  
Where quality hath rate,  
Where fitness, and not heraldry,  
Gives entrance through the gate.

For what man is, not where he is,  
    His heaven is, or hell ;  
His heaven the heavenly qualities  
    That prompt his doing well.

His heaven that high ennoblement  
    That gives to whom 'tis given,  
The blessing of a heart content  
    To win his way to heaven.

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## WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY.

A BOVE the gradeur of the sunsets  
    Which delight this earthly clime,  
And the splendors of the dawning  
    Breaking o'er the hills of time,  
Is the richness of the radiance  
    Of the land beyond the sun,  
Where the noble have their country  
    When the work of life is done !

There is the mysterious problem  
    Of their earthly life made plain ;  
There the bitter turned to sweetness,  
    There the losses turned to gain.  
There the rapture of the new life  
    Far exceeds the griefs of this,  
And earth's toiling is forgotten  
    In the restfulness of bliss.

And the music of their welcome,  
    From angelic lyres of gold,  
Shall full often be repeated,  
    Yet it never shall grow old ;  
Music grander than earth's noblest,  
    Than all eloquence of words  
And the sweetest of the carols  
    Of the gladdest of the birds !

Welcome there, and there forever  
    Free from artifice of time,  
Shall the noble of that country,  
    In the real of that clime,  
Read the wisdom of the Father,  
    From whose all-creating hand  
Are the beauties, and the glories,  
    And the people of that land.

There they rightly read the visions  
    Of the ancient seers, that give  
Higher good than urban splendors  
    Where the saints at last shall live.  
There they surely find a heaven  
    Not conventional or made,  
And inhabitants delighting  
    In the hillside, brook and shade !

For magnificent with forests  
    Is that country of the skies,  
Far excelling in their bird-songs  
    All the earthly minstrelsies.  
And that country hath its mountains  
    And is resonant with streams  
That are sweeter in their music  
    Than the rivers of our dreams !

Blooms of finest form and lustre,  
    Fragrant on the eternal hills,  
With their odors bless the zephyrs,  
    That, harmonious with the rills,  
Sing, to give the angels pleasure  
    Who were fit to sing the birth  
Of the Savior of the sorrowing  
    And the sinful of the earth.

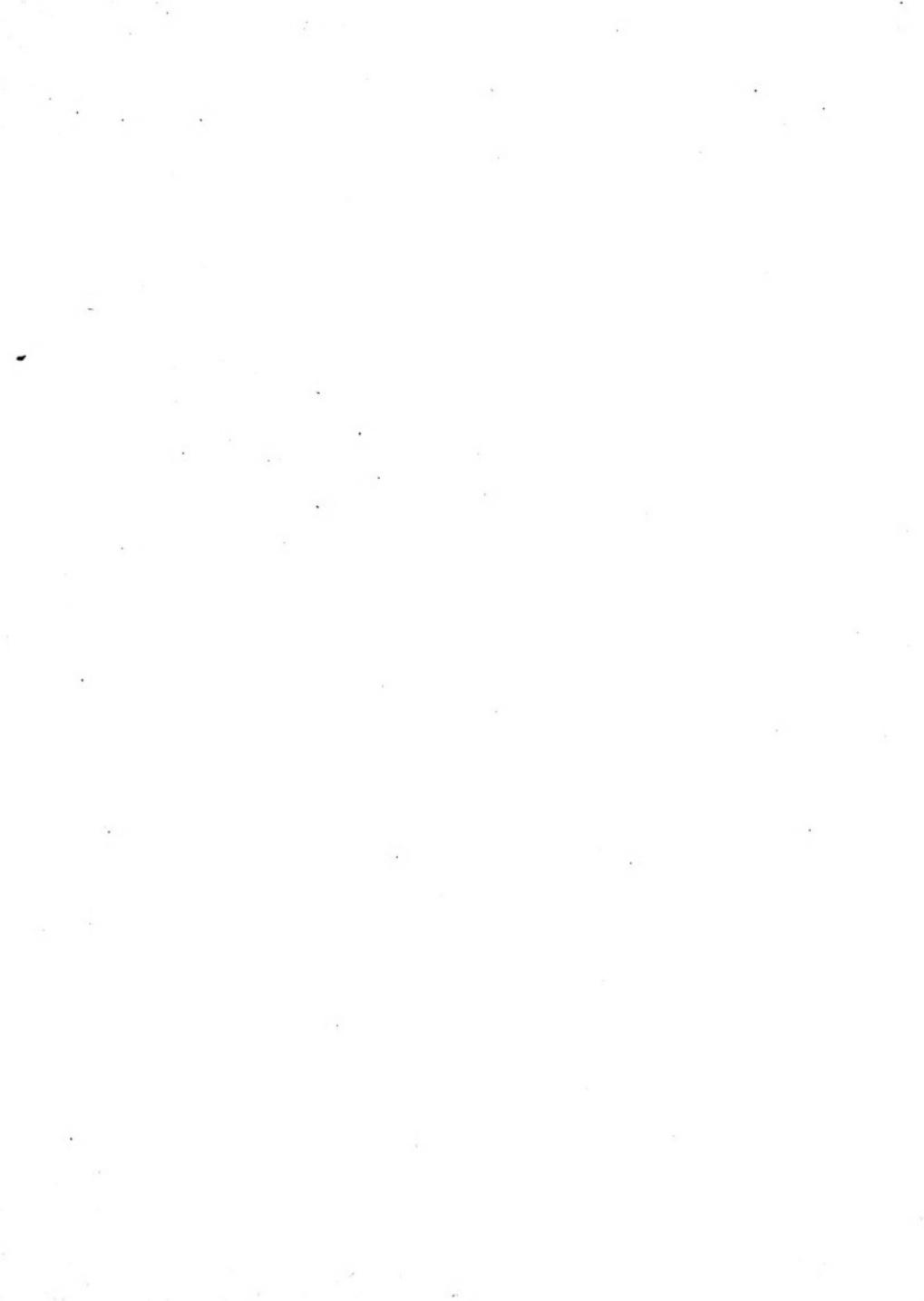
And, His mission there completed,  
    He shall reign with them above  
And instruct them in the wonders  
    Of the country of His love,  
Where He giveth them an entrance  
    And that higher work to do  
That shall keep them ever growing,  
    And the charm of living, new.

And His name throughout the ages,  
    As the æons circle by,  
To the trend and to the cadence  
    Of their own eternity,  
Shall be theme and inspiration,  
    In the land beyond the sun,  
Where the noble have their country  
    When the work of life is done !









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